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largely quotes, we have the names of Thomas Whately, John P. Kemble, Hazlitt, Steevens, Coleridge, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jameson, Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons," Maginn, Dr. Bucknill, Fletcher, Hunter, De Quincey, and Rolfe; among the Germans, of Schlegel, Börne, Ulrici, Röscher, Tiecke, Gervinus, Kreyssig, Flathe, Rümelin, Petri, Friesen, and Leo; among the French, of Chasles, Lacroix, Mezières, and Lamartine. Perhaps we ought to add that the pieces from the German and French are all translated into clear and handsome English.

Of course, there is in these criticisms a good deal from which we should dissent *in toto*, as the editor himself probably does, but the matter is none the less welcome on that account. To our thinking, the quotation from Campbell is itself worth the cost of the volume.

There are several other points that we should like to remark upon, but our notice has already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to ourselves. The only fault we have to find with the work is its being prosecuted on so grand a scale that the editor will need as many as two or three ordinary lives in order to get through the whole series of Shakespeare. But he no doubt judges, as indeed he should, that a part done just as well as he can do them is better than the whole done in manner less than his best. The spirit in which he pursues his task, his clear, manly, bracing austerity of judgment, and his self-withdrawing disinterestedness of bearing, are indeed above all praise. We wish him God speed in his noble work; yes, heartily.

5.—*Rousseau*. By JOHN MORLEY. London: Chapman and Hall. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xii, 344; x, 342.

A MORE unpleasant subject for his pen than Rousseau, it would have been hard for Mr. Morley to find, nor yet one which it is of more importance for an age which is reaping so much of the fruit of his writings to know. Rousseau tore off the veil from his private life with an immodesty which is fortunately rare; he showed himself in all his repulsive nakedness, a liar, a cheat, a hypocrite, a living satyr, in fact a madman, whom one would wish forgotten as soon as possible; yet his words were as eloquent as those of any man of his time, and his influence has not yet ceased working, sometimes for good, and often, in unhealthy minds, for evil. Of his life but a few words need be said; Mr. Morley has told it as unoffensively as possible, dwelling less on its darker scenes than on the few redeeming points of innocence. It is

with admirable delicacy that he treats of the rottenness of French society a century ago; and in the way of warning against whatever may seem like a tempting example, he preaches incidentally many a useful sermon.

Mr. Morley's method is to bring up the account of Rousseau's life to the time of publication of his writings, and then to make an interlude, containing an analysis of the work. In this way we have very interesting and important chapters about the great Frenchman, but we miss any final judgment of Rousseau on the whole, and of the connection between his various works. A final judgment it would be hard to form; he was a man of such sensitiveness without, and such hardness within, his words so differed from his deeds, that we may be willing to forgive the omission of what at the best would be very uncertain, but one cannot notice it without regret.

Mr. Morley's own philosophic and religious views are clearly marked in his book, and one of his freaks, which is one of a sort that generally indicates the noisy mind of a fanatic, namely, his writing "god" instead of "God," has everywhere met with the reproof it deserves. His whole tone about Christianity shows everywhere the attempt to be sincere without affectation, but it presents somewhat the appearance of singularity which would be more remarkable in a man who so far refused to sully his lips by inaccuracies of speech that in the face of all custom he would avoid saying that the sun rose and set. His readers will be more struck by Mr. Morley's singularity, by his distance from Christianity, than by any defects in what is so important and a part of the civilization of all of us, not even excepting Mr. Morley.

Perhaps the most important chapters in the book are those which contain the analyses of Rousseau's writings. Possibly they fail to give the English reader an adequate idea of the charm of the writer's style, nor do they make perfectly clear to us, though that is not Mr. Morley's fault, the reason for the intense enthusiasm which they aroused in Germany as well as in France. Goethe, as well as the most frivolous of French women, was affected by it. The whole of both nations felt the charm in a way that it is hard now to understand. But we cannot help being grateful for a book which throws so much light on a man of the influence of Rousseau, and of whom, it must be said, so little was generally known. In interest we consider this book inferior to his *Life of Voltaire*, but this is in a great measure due to the difference between the two men. Voltaire was human, we can all sympathize even with his weaknesses; but with Rousseau one can never feel at home. Voltaire can be defined, but Rousseau evades every attempt at complete definition. They are both thoughtful books, and well deserve reading.